THE True Chronicle Hiſtorie of the whole life and death of *Thomas* Lord *Cromwell*.

As it hath beene ſundrie times publikely *Acted by the Right Honorable* the Lord Chamberlaine *his Seruants.*

Written by W. S.

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1602.

The life and death of the Lord *Cromwell.*

Enter three Smithes, Hodge *and two other, old* Cromwels *men.*

Hodge.

Come maſters, I thinke it be paſt fiue a clock,
Is it not time we were at worke:
My old Maſter heele be ſtirring anon.

1. I cannot tell whether my old maſter will be ſtirring or no: but I am ſure I can hardly take my afternoones nap, for my young Maiſter *Thomas*,

He keepes ſuch a quile in his ſtudie,
With the Sunne, and the Moone, and the ſeauen ſtarres,
That I do verily thinke heele read out his wits.

Hodge. He skill of the ſtarres, theres goodman *Car* of *Fulhum*,
He that carryed vs to the ſtrong Ale, where goodie *Trundell*
Had her maide got with childe: O he knowes the Starres,
Heele tickle you *Charles Waine* in nine degrees,
That ſame man will tell you goodie *Trundell*,
When her Ale ſhall miſcarie, onely by the ſtarres.

2. I thats a great vertue, indeed I thinke *Thomas*
Be no body in compariſon to him.

1. Well maiſters come, ſhall we to our hammers?

Hodge. I content, firſt lets take our mornings draught,
And then to worke roundly.

2. I agreed, goe in *Hodge.* *Exit omnes.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good morrow morne, I doe ſalute thy brightneſſe,
The night ſeemes tedious to my troubled ſoule:
Whoſe black obſcuritie binds in my minde,
A thouſand ſundry cogitations:
And now *Aurora* with a liuely dye,
Addes comfort to my ſpirit that mountes on high.

Too high indeede, my ſtate being ſo meane,
My ſtudy like a minerall of golde:
Makes my hart proude wherein my hopes inrowld,
My bookes is all the wealth I do poſſeſſe, *Here within they*
And vnto them I haue ingaged my hart, *muſt beate with*
O learning how deuine thou ſeemes to me: *their hammers.*
Within whoſe armes is all felicity,
Peace with your hammers leaue your knocking there,
You doe diſturbe my ſtudy and my reſt,
Leaue off I ſay, you madde me with the noyſe.

Enter Hodge *and the two Men.*

Hodge. Why how now Maiſter *Thomas* how now,
Will you not let vs worke for you.

Crom. You fret my hart, with making of this noiſe.

Hod. How fret your hart, I but *Thomas*, youle
Fret your fathers purſe if you let vs from working.

2. I this tis for him to make him a gentleman,
Shal we leaue worke for your muſing, thats well I faith,
But here comes my olde maiſter now.

Enter olde Cromwell.

Old. Cro. You idle knaues, what are you loytring now,
No hammers walking and my worke to do:
What not a heate among your worke to day.

Hod. Marrie ſir your ſonne *Thomas* will not let vs worke at all,

Old. Cro. Why knaue I ſay, haue I thus carkde & car'd
And all to keepe thee like a gentleman,
And doſt thou let my ſeruants at their worke:
That ſweat for thee knaue, labour thus for thee,

Cro. Father their hammers doe offend my ſtudie.

Old. Cro. Out of my doores knaue if thou likeſt it not,
I crie you mercie is your eares ſo fine:
I tell thee knaue thele get when I doe ſleepe,
I will not haue my Anuil ſtand for thee.

Crom. Theres monie father I will pay your men. *Hethrowes*

Old. Cro. Haue I thus brought thee vp vnto my coſt, *money a-*
In hope that one day thou wouldſt releeue my age, *mong thē.*

And art thee now ſo lauiſh of thy coine,
To ſcatter it among theſe idle knaues.
Cro. Father be patient, and content your ſelfe,
The time will come I ſhall hold golde as traſh:
And here I ſpeake with a preſaging ſoule,
To build a pallace where now this cottage ſtandes,
As fine as is King *Henries* houſe at Sheene.
Old Cro. You build a houſe, you knaue youle be a begger,
Now afore God all is but caſt away,
That is beſtowed vpon this thriftleſſe lad,
Well had I bound him to ſome honeſt trade:
This had not beene, but it was his mothers doing,
To ſend him to the Vniuerſitie,
How build a houſe where now this cottage ſtandes,
As faire as that at Sheene, he ſhall not here me,
A good boy Tom, I con thee thanke Tom,
Well ſaid Tom, gramarcies Tom,
Into your worke knaues, hence you ſauſie boy.

Exit all but young Cromwell.

Cro. Why ſhould my birth keepe downe my mounting ſpirit,
Are not all creatures ſubiect vnto time:
To time, who doth abuſe the world,
And filles it full of hodge-podge baſtardie,
Theres legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their originall did ſpring from Kings:
And manie Monarkes now whoſe fathers were,
The riffe-raffe of their age: for Time and Fortune
Weares out a noble traine to beggerie,
And from the dunghill minions doe aduance
To ſtate: and marke in this admiring world,
This is but courſe, which in the name of Fate,
Is ſeene as often as it whirles about:
The Riuer *Thames* that by our doore doth paſſe,
His firſt beginning is but ſmall and ſhallow:
Yet keeping on his courſe, growes to a ſea.
And likewiſe *Wolſey*, the wonder of our age,
His birth as meane as mine, a Butchers ſonne,

Now who within this land a greater man.
Then *Cromwell* cheere thee vp, and tell thy ſoule,
That thou maiſt liue to flouriſh and controule.

Enter olde Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell, what *Tom* I ſay?
Crom. Do you call ſir.
Old Crom. Here is maiſter *Bowſer* come to know, if you haue diſpatched his petition, for the Lords of the counſell or no.
Crom. Father I haue, pleaſe you to call him in.
Old Crom. Thats well ſaid *Tom*, a good lad *Tom*.

Enter Maiſter Bowſer.

Bow. Now Maiſter *Cromwell*, haue you diſpatched this petition?
Crom. I haue ſir, here it is, pleaſe you peruſe it.
Bow. It ſhall not need, weele read it as we go by water:
And Maiſter *Cromwell*, I haue made a motion
May do you good, and if you like of it.
Our Secretarie at *Antwarpe*, ſir is dead,
And the Marchants there hath ſent to me,
For to prouide a man fit for the place:
Now I do know none fitter then your ſelfe,
If with your liking it ſtand maiſter *Cromwell*.
Crom. With all my hart ſir, and I much am bound,
In loue and dutie for your kindneſſe ſhowne.
Old Cro Body of me *Tom* make haſt, leaſt ſome body
Get betweene thee and home *Tom*.
I thanke you good maiſter *Bowſer*, I thanke you for my boy,
I thanke you alwayes, I thanke you moſt hartely ſir,
Hoe a cup of Beere there for maiſter *Bowſer*.
Bow. It ſhall not need ſir, maiſter *Cromwell* will you go.
Crom. I will attend you ſir.
Old Crom. Farewell *Tom*, God bleſſe thee *Tom*,
God ſpeed thee good *Tom*. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Bagot *a Broker, ſolus.*

Bag. I hope this day is fatall vnto ſome, And

And by their losse must *Bagot* seeke to gaine,
This is the lodging of maister *Fryskiball*,
A liberall Marchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Banister* owes a thousand pound,
A Marchant Banckrout, whose Father was my maister,
What do I care, for pitie or regarde,
He once was wealthy, but he now is falne,
And this morning haue I got him arested,
At the sute of maister *Friskiball*,
And by this meanes shall I be sure of coyne,
For dooing this same good to him vnknowne:
And in good time, see where the marchant comes.

Enter Fryskiball.

Bag. God morrow to kind maister *Friskiball.*
Fri. God morrow to your selfe good maister *Bagot*,
And whats the newes you are so early stirring:
It is for gaine, I make no doubt of that.
Bag. It is for the loue sir that I beare to you,
When did you see your debter *Banister*?
Fri. I promise you, I haue not seene the man,
This two moneths day, his pouertie is such,
As I do thinke he shames to see his friends.
Bag. Why then assure your selfe to see him straight,
For at your sute I haue arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently.
Fry. Arrest him at my sute, you were to blame,
I know the mans misfortunes to be such,
As hees not able for to pay the debt,
And were it knowne to some he were vndone.
Bag. This is your pittifull hart to thinke it so,
But you are much deceaued in *Banister*,
Why such as he will breake for fashion sake,
And vnto those they owe a thousand pound,
Pay scarce a hundred, O sir beware of him,
The man is lewdly giuen, to Dyce and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in harlots companies,

It is no mercy for to pitie him.
I ſpeake the truth of him, for nothing els,
But for the kindneſſe that I beare to you,
Fry. If it be ſo, he hath deceiued me much,
And to deale ſtrictly with ſuch a one as he,
Better ſeuere then too much lenitie,
But here is Maiſter *Baniſter* himſelfe,
And with him as I take the officers.

Enter Baniſter *his wife and two officers.*

Ban. O maiſter *Friskiball* you haue vndone me,
My ſtate was well nigh ouerthrowne before,
Now altogether downe-caſt by your meanes.
Miſt. Ba. O maiſter *Friskiball*, pity my husbands caſe,
He is a man hath liued as well as any,
Till enuious fortune and the rauenous ſea,
Did rob, diſrobe, and ſpoile vs of our owne.
Fri. Miſtriſſe *Baniſter*, I enuie not your husband,
Nor willingly would I haue vſed him thus:
But that I here he is ſo lewdly giuen,
Haunts wicked company, and hath enough,
To pay his debts, yet will not be knowne thereof.
Ban. This is that damned Broker, that ſame *Bagot*,
Whom I haue often from my Trencher fed,
Ingrate full Villaine for to vſe me thus:
Bag. What I haue ſaid to him is naught but truth.
Mi. Ban. What thou haſt ſaid, ſprings from an enuious hart,
A Canniball that doth eate men aliue,
But here vpon my knee beleeue me ſir,
And what I ſpeake, ſo helpe me God is true,
We ſcarſe haue meate to feed our little babes,
Moſt of our Plate is in that Brokers hand,
Which had we mony to dephray our debt,
O thinke we would not bide that penurie:
Be mercifull, kinde maiſter *Friskiball*,
My husband, children, and my ſelfe will eate,
But one meale a day, the other will we keepe and ſell,

As part to pay the debt we owe to you:
If euer teares did pierce a tender minde,
Be pittifull, let me ſome fauour finde.
Bag. Be not you ſo mad ſir, to beleeue hir teares.
Fri. Go to, I ſee thou art an enuious man,
Good miſteris *Baniſter* kneele not to me,
I pray riſe vp, you ſhall haue your deſire.
Holde officers be gone, theres for your paines,
You know you owe to me a thouſand pound,
Here take my hand, if eare God make you able,
And place you in your former ſtate againe,
Pay me: but if ſtill your fortune frowne,
Vpon my faith Ile neuer aske you crowne:
I neuer yet did wrong to men in thrall.
For God doth know what to my ſelfe may fall.
Ban. This vnexpected fauour vndeſerued,
Doth make my hart bleed inwardly with ioy,
Nere may ought proſper with me is my owne,
If I forget this kindneſſe you haue ſhowne.
Mi Ba. My children in their prayers both night and day,
For your good fortune and ſucceſſe ſhall pray.
Fri. I thanke you both, I pray goe dine with me,
Within theſe three dayes, if God giue me leaue,
I will to *Florence* to my natiue home,
Bagot holde, theres a Portague to drinke,
Although you ill deſerued it by your merit,
Giue not ſuch cruell ſcope vnto your hart,
Beſure the ill you do will be requited,
Remember what I ſay, *Bagot* farewell,
Come Maiſter *Baniſter*, you ſhall with me,
My fare is but ſimple, but welcome hartily. *Exit all but* Bagot.
Bag. A plague goe with you, would you had eate your laſt,
Is this the thankes I haue for all my paines,
Confuſion light vpon you all for me,
Where he had wont to giue a ſcore of crownes,
Doth he now foyſt me with a Portague:
Well I will be reuenged vpon this *Baniſter*.

Ile to his creditors, buie all the debt he owes,
As seeming that I do it for good will,
I am sure to haue them at an easie rate,
And when tis done, in christendome he staies not,
But ile make his hart to ake with sorrow,
And if that *Banister* become my debter,
By heauen and earth ile make his plague the greater. *Exit* Bagot.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now gentlemen imagine, that young *Cromwell*,
In *Antwarpe* Ledger for the Englisn Marchantes:
And *Banister* to shunne this *Bagots* hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
Is fled to *Antwarpe*, with his wife and children,
Which *Bagot* hearing is gone after them:
And thether sendes his billes of debt before,
To be reuenged on wretched *Banister*,
What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
A iust requitall of false trecherie. *Exit.*

Cromwell *in his study with bagges of money before him casting of account.*

Cro. Thus farre my reckoning doth go straight & euen,
But *Cromwell* this same ployding fits not thee:
Thy minde is altogether set on trauell,
And not to liue thus cloystered like a Nunne,
It is not this same trash that I regard,
Experience is the iewell of my hart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I praie sir are you readie to dispatch me.
Cro. Yes heres those summes of monie you must carie,
You goe so farre as Frankford do you not.
Post. I doe sir.
Cro. Well prethie make all the hast thou canst,
For there be certaine Englisn gentlemen:
Are bound for Venice, and may hapilie want,
And if that you should linger by the way:
But in hope that youle make good speed,

Theres

Theres two Angels to buie you ſpurres and wandes.
Po. I thanke you ſir this will ad winges indeede.
Cro. Golde is of power would make an Eagles ſpeed.
Enter Miſtris Baniſter.
What gentlewoman is this that greeues ſo much,
It ſeemes ſhe doth adreſſe her ſelfe to me.
Mi. Ba. God ſaue you ſir, praie is your name maiſter *Cromwell.*
Cro. My name is *Thomas Cromwell* gentlewoman.
Mi. Ba. Know you not one *Bagot* ſir, thats come to *Antwarpe.*
Cro. No truſt me, I neuer ſaw the man,
But here are billes of debt I haue receiued,
Againſt one *Baniſter* a Marchant fallen into decaie.
Mi. Ba. Into decaie indeede, long of that wretch,
I am the wife to wofull *Baniſter:*
And by that bloudie villaine am perſu'de,
From London here to *Antwarpe,*
My husband he is in the gouernours handes:
And God of heauen knowes how heele deale with him,
Now ſir your hart is framed of milder temper,
Be mercifull to a diſtreſſed ſoule,
And God no doubt will trebell bleſſe your gaine.
Cro. Good miſtris *Baniſter,* what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.
Mi. Ba. O ſpeake to *Bagot* that ſame wicked wretch,
An Angells voyce may mooue a damned diuell.
Cro. Why is he come to *Antwarpe* as you here?
Mi. Ba. I hard he landed ſome two houres ſince.
Cro. Well miſtris *Baniſter* aſſure your ſelfe.
Ile ſpeake to *Bagot* in your owne behalfe:
And winne him to all the pittie that I can,
Meane time, to comfort you in your diſtreſſe,
Receiue theſe Angells to releeue your neede,
And be aſſured that what I can effect:
To doe you good, no way I will neglect.
Mi. Ba. That mighty God that knowes each mortalles hart,
Keepe you from trouble ſorrow griefe and ſmart.
Exit Miſtris Baniſter.

Crom. Thankes courteous woman,
For thy hartie praier:
It greeues my ſoule to ſee her miſerie,
But we that liue vnder the worke of fate,
Maie hope the beſt, yet knowes not to what ſtate
Our ſtarres and deſtinies hath vs aſignde,
Fickle is fortune and her face is blinde.

Enter Bagot *ſolus.*

Ba. So all goes well, it is as I would haue it,
Baniſter he is with the Gouernour:
And ſhortlie ſhall haue guiues vpon his heeles,
It glads my hart to thinke vpon the ſlaue,
I hope to haue his bodie rot in priſon:
And after here, his wife to hang her ſelfe,
And all his children die for want of foode,
The Iewels that I haue brought to Antwarpe,
Are recond to be worth fiue thouſand pound,
Which ſcarcelie ſtoode me in three hundreth pound,
I bought them at an eaſie kinde of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That ſould them me, it comes not neare my hart:
And leaſt they ſhould be ſtolne as ſure they are,
I thought it meete to ſell them here in Antwarpe,
And ſo haue left them in the Gouernours hand,
Who offers me within two hundreth pound
Of all my price: but now no more of that,
I muſt go ſee and if my billes be ſafe,
The which I ſent to maiſter *Cromwell*,
That if the winde ſhould keepe me on the ſea,
He might areſt him here before I came:
And in good time, ſee where he is: God ſaue you ſir.

Cro. And you, pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be ſo ſir, but my name is *Bagot*,
The man that ſent to you the billes of debt.

Cro. O the man that perſues *Baniſter*,
Here are the billes of debt you ſent to me:
As for the man you know beſt where he is,

It is reported you haue a flintie hart,
A minde that will not ſtoope to anie pittie;
An eye that knowes not how to ſhed a teare,
A hand thats alwaies open for reward,
But maiſter *Bagot* would you be ruled by me:
You ſhould turne all theſe to the contrarie,
Your hart ſhould ſtill haue feeling of remorſe,
Your minde according to your ſtate be liberall,
To thoſe that ſtand in neede and in diſtreſſe;
Your hand to helpe them that do ſtand in want,
Rather then with your poyſe to holde them downe,
For euerie ill turne ſhow your ſelfe more kinde,
Thus ſhould I doe, pardon I ſpeake my minde.

Bag. I ſir, you ſpeake to here what I would ſay,
But you muſt liue I know, as well as I:
I know this place to be extortion,
And tis not for a man to keepe him,
But he muſt lie, cog, with his deareſt friend;
And as for pittie, ſcorne it, hate all conſcience,
But yet I doe commend your wit in this,
To make a ſhow, of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you and tis well done,
This is the onelie way to bring your gaine.

Cro. My gaine: I had rather chaine me to an ore,
And like a ſlaue there toile out all my life,
Before ide liue ſo baſe a ſlaue as thou:
I like an hipocrite to make a ſhow,
Of ſeeming vertue and a diuell within,
No *Bagot*, would thy conſcience were as cleare,
Poore *Baniſter* nere had beene troubled here.

Bag. Nay good maiſter *Cromwell* be not angrie ſir,
I know full well you are no ſuch man;
But if your conſcience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are other wiſe.

Cro. Will it be thought that I am other wiſe,
Let them that thinke ſo know they are deceiu'de;
Shall *Cromwell* liue to haue his faith miſconſtered,

Antwarpe for all the wealth within thy Towne,
I will not ſtay here not two houres longer:
As good lucke ſerues my accountes are all made euen,
Therefore ile ſtraight vnto the treaſurer,
Bagot I know youle to the gouernour,
Commend me to him, ſay I am bound to trauaile,
To ſee the fruitefull partes of Italie,
And as you euer bore a Chriſtian minde,
Let *Baniſter* ſome fauour of you finde.

Bag. For your ſake ſir ile helpe him all I can,
To ſtarue his hart out eare he gets a groate,
So maiſter *Cromwell* doe I take my leaue,
For I muſt ſtraight vnto the gouernour.

Exit Bagot.

Cro. Farewell ſir, pray you remember what I ſaid,
No *Cromwell*, no, thy hart was nere ſo bace:
To liue by falſhoode or by brokerie,
But falles out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in trauell ſhalbe ſpent.

Enter Hodge *his fathers man.*

Hod. Your ſonne *Thomas*, quoth you, I haue beene *Thomaſt*, I had thought it had beene no ſuch matter to a gone by water: for at Putnaie ile go you to Pariſh-garden for two pence, ſitte as ſtill as may be, without any wagging or ioulting in my guttes, in a little boate too: heere wee were ſcarce foure mile in the great greene water, but I thinking to goe to my afternoones vnchines, as twas my manner at home, but I felt a kinde of riſing in my guttes: at laſt one a the Sailers ſpying of me, be a good cheere ſayes hee, ſet downe thy victualles, and vppe with it, thou haſt nothing but an Eele in thy belly: Well toote went I, to my victtualles went the Sailers, and thinking I to bee a man of better experience then any in the ſhippe, asked mee what Woode the ſhippe was made of: they all ſwore I tould them as right as if I had beene acquainted with the Carpenter that made it, at laſt wee grewe neere lande,

and

and I grewe villanous hungrie, went to my bagge, the diuell a bitte there was, the Sailers had tickled mee, yet I cannot blame them, it was a parte of kindneſſe, for I in kindneſſe toulde them what Woode the ſhippe was made of, and they in kindneſſe eate vp my victualles, as indeede one good turne asketh another: Well would I, could I, finde my maiſter *Thomas* in this Dutch Towne, he might put ſome Engliſh Beare into my bellie.

Cro. What *Hodge* my fathers man, by my hand welcome,
How doth my father? whats the newes at home?

Hod. Maiſter *Thomas*, O God maiſter *Thomas*, your hand, gloue and all, this is to giue you to vnderſtanding that your father is in health, and *Alice Downing* here hath ſent you a Nutmeg, & *Beſſe Makewater* a race of Ginger, my fellow *Will* & *Tom* hath between them ſent you a dozen of pointes, & good man *Tolle* of the Goate a paire of mittons, my ſelfe came in perſon, and this is all the newes.

Cro. Gramarſie good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me,
But in as ill a time thou comeſt as may be:
For I am traueling into Italie,
What ſaiſt thou *Hodge* wilt thou beare me companie.

Hodge. Will I beare thee companie *Tom*, what tell'ſt me of Italie, were it to the furtheſt part of Flaunders, I would goe with thee *Tom*, I am thine in all weale and woe, thy owne to commaund, what *Tom*, I haue paſſed the rigorous waues of *Neptunes* blaſtes, I tell you *Thomas* I haue beene in the danger of the flouds, and when I haue ſeene *Boreas* beginne to plaie the Ruffin with vs, then would I downe of my knees and call vppon *Vulcan*.

Cro. And why vpon him.

Hod. Becauſe as this ſame fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, ſo *Vulcan* is Lord ouer the Smithes, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would haue ſome care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit, but tell haſt thou dined yet?

Hod. *Thomas* to ſpeake the truth, not a bit yet I.

Crom. Come go with me, thou ſhalt haue cheere good ſtore,
And farewell *Antwarpe* if I come no more.

Hodg. I follow thee ſweet *Tom*, I follow thee. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the Gouernour of the Engliſh houſe, Bagot, Baniſter, *his wife, and two officers.*

Gouer. Is *Cromwell* gone then, ſay you maiſter *Bagot*,
What diſlike I pray, what was the cauſe?
Bag. To tell you true, a wilde braine of his owne,
Such youth as they cannot ſee when they are well:
He is all bent to trauaile, thats his reaſon,
And doth not loue to eate his bread at home.
Gou. Well, good fortune with him, if the man be gone.
We hardly ſhall finde ſuch a one as he,
To fit our turnes, his dealings were ſo honeſt:
But now ſir, for your Iewels that I haue,
What do you ſay, will you take my priſe.
Bag. O ſir, you offer too much vnderfoote.
Gou. Tis but two hundred pound betweene vs man,
Whats that in paiment of fiue thouſand pound.
Bag. Two hundred pound, birladie ſir tis great,
Before I got ſo much, it made me ſweat.
Gou. Well Maiſter *Bagot*, Ile proffer you fairelie,
You ſee this Marchant maiſter *Baniſter*,
Is going now to priſon at your ſute.
His ſubſtance all is gone, what would you haue,
Yet in regarde I knew the man of wealth,
Neuer diſhoneſt dealing, but ſuch miſhaps,
Hath falne on him, may light on me, or you,
There is two hundred pound betweene vs,
We will deuide the ſame, Ile giue you one,
On that condition you will ſet him free:
His ſtate is nothing, that you ſee your ſelfe,
And where naught is, the King muſt loſe his right.
Bag. Sir, ſir, you ſpeake out of your loue,
Tis fooliſh loue ſir ſure to pittie him:
Therefore content your ſelfe, this is my minde,
To do him good I will not bate a penie,
Ban. This is my comfort though thou dooſt no good,

A mighty ebbe followes a mighty floud.

Mi. Ba. O thou base wretch whom we haue fostered,
Euen as a Serpent for to poyson vs,
If God did euer right a womans wrong:
To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heany wrath fall on thy head,
By whome my hopes and ioyes are butchered.

Bag. Alas fond woman, I praie thee praie thy worst,
The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Maister Bowser *a Marchant.*

Go. Maister *Bowser* your welcome sir from England,
Whats the best newes? how doth all our friendes?

Bow. They are all well and do commend them to you,
Theres letters from your brother and your sonne:
So fare you well sir, I must take my leaue,
My hast and businesse doth require such.

Go. Be fore you dine sir, what go you out of towne.

Bow. I faith vnlesse I here some newes in towne,
I must away there is no remedie.

Gou. Maister *Bowser* what is your busines, may I know it,
You may sir and so shall all the Cittie.

Bow. The King of late hath had his treasurie rob'd,
And of the choysest iewelles that he had:
The value of them was some seauen thousand pound,
The fellow that did steale these iewels, he is hanged,
And did confesse that for three hundred pound,
He sould them to one *Bagot* dwelling in London:
Now *Bagots* fled, and as we here to Antwarpe,
And hether am I come to seeke him out,
And they that first can tell me of his newes,
Shall haue a hundred pound for their reward.

Ba. How iust is God to right the innocent.

Gou. Maister *Bowser* you come in happie time,
Here is the villaine *Bagot* that you seeke,
And all those iewels haue I in my handes,
Officers looke to him, hould him fast.

Bag. The diuell ought me a shame, and now hath paide it.

Bow. Is this that *Bagot*? fellowes beare him hence,
We will not now ſtand for his replie;
Lade him with Yrons, we will haue him tride
In England where his villanies are knowne.
Bag. Miſchiefe, confuſion, light vpon you all,
O hang me, drowne me, let me kill my ſelfe,
Let go my armes let me run quick to hell.
Bow. Away, beare him away, ſtop the ſlaues mouth,
They carry him away.
Mi. Ba. Thy workes are infinite, great God of heauen.
Gou. I hard this *Bagot* was a wealthie fellow.
Bow. He was indeed, for when his goods were zeaſed,
Of Iewels, coine, and Plate within his houſe,
Was found the value of fiue thouſand pound,
His furniture fullie worth halfe ſo much,
Which being all ſtrainde for, for the King,
He francklie gaue it to the *Antwarpe* marchants,
And they againe, out of their bountious minde,
Hath to a brother of their companie,
A man decaide by fortune of the Seas,
Giuen *Bagots* wealth, to ſet him vp againe:
And keepe it for him, his name is *Baniſter.*
Gou. Maiſter *Bowſer*, with this happie newes,
You haue reuiued two from the gates of death,
This is that *Baniſter*, and this his wife.
Bow. Sir I am glad my fortune is ſo good,
To bring ſuch tidings as may comfort you.
Ban. You haue giuen life vnto a man deemed dead,
For by theſe newes, my life is newlie bred.
Mi. Ba. Thankes to my God, next to my Soueraigne King,
And laſt to you that theſe good hopes doth bring.
Gou. The hundred pound I muſt receiue as due
For finding *Bagot*, I freelie giue to you.
Bow. And Maiſter *Baniſter*, if ſo you pleaſe,
Ile beare you companie, when you croſſe the Seas.
Ban. If it pleaſe you ſir, my companie is but meane,
Stands with your liking, Ile waite on you.

Gou. I am glad that all things do accorde so well:
Come Maister *Bowser*, let vs in to dinner:
And Misteriſſe *Baniſter*, be mery woman,
Come after ſorrow now, lets cheere your ſpirit,
Knaues haue their due, and you but what you merit.
Exit omnes.

Enter Cromwell *and* Hodge *in their ſhirtes, and without Hattes.*

Hod. Call yee this ſeeing of faſhions?
Marrie would I had ſtaide at *Putney* ſtill,
O Maiſter *Thomas*, we are ſpoiled we are gone.

Crom. Content thee man, this is but fortune.

Hodg. Fortune, a plague of this Fortune makes me go wetſhod, the roagues would not leaue me a ſhooe to my feete, for my hoaſe they ſcorned them with their heeles, but for my Dublet and Hatte, O Lord they imbraſed me, and vnlaſed me, and ſooke away my cloathes, and ſo diſgraced me.

Crom. Well *Hodge*, what remedie?
What ſhift ſhall we make now?

Hodge. Naie I know not, for begging I am naught, for ſtealing worſe: by my troth I muſt euen fall to my olde trade, to the Hammer and the Horſe heeles againe: but now the worſt is, I am not acquainted with the humor of the horſes in this countrie, whether they are not coultiſh, giuen much to kicking, or no, for when I haue one legge in my hand, if he ſhould vp and laie tother of my chops, I were gone, there laie I, there laie *Hodge.*

Crom. Hodge I beleeue thou muſt worke for vs both.

Hodge. O Maiſter *Thomas*, haue not I tolde you of this, haue not I manie a time and often, ſaid *Tom*, or Maiſter *Thomas*, learne to make a Horſe-ſhooe, it will be your owne another day: this was not regarded. Harke you *Thomas*, what doe you call the fellowes that robd vs.

Crom. The Bandetto.

Hod. The Bandetto doe you call them, I know not what they are called here, but I am ſure wee call them plaine theeues in

England, O *Thomas* that we were now at Putnay, at the ale there.

Cro. Content thee man, here set vp these two billes,
And let vs keepe our standing on the bridge:
The fashion of this countrie is such,
If any stranger be oppressed with want,
To write the maner of his miserie,
And such as are disposed to succour him,
Will doe it, what hast thou set them vp?

Hod. I there vp, God send some to reade them,
And not onelie to reade them, but also to looke on vs:
And not altogether to looke on vs, *One standes at one end,*
But to releeue vs, O colde, colde colde. *and one at tother.*

Enter Friskiball *the Marchant and reades the billes.*

Fris. Whats here? two Englishmen rob'd by the Bandetto,
One of them seemes to be a gentleman:
Tis pittie that his fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate handes of theeues,
Ile question him of what estate he is,
God saue you sir, are you an Englishman?

Cro. I am sir a distressed Englishman.

Fri. And what are you my friend.

Hod. Who I sir, by my troth I do not know my self what I am now,
But sir, I was a smith sir, a poore Farrier of Putnay, thats my maister
sir yonder, I was robbed for his sake sir.

Fri. I see you haue beene met by the Bandetto,
And therefore nede not aske how you came thus:
But *Friskiball* why doost thou question them,
Of their estate and not releeue their neede,
Sir the coine I haue about me is not much:
Theres sixteene Duckets, for to cloath your selues,
Theres sixteene more to buie your diet with,
And thers sixteene to paie for your horse hire:
Tis all the wealth you see my purse possesses,
But if you please for to enquire me out,
You shall not want for ought that I can doe,
My name is *Friskiball* a *Florence* Marchant,

A man

A man that alwayes loued your nation.

Crom. This vnexpected fauour at your hands,
Which God doth know, if euer I shall requite it,
Necessitie makes me to take your bountie,
And for your gold can yeeld you naught but thankes,
Your charitie hath helpt me from dispaire.
Your name shall still be in my hartie praier.

Fri. It is not worth such thankes, come to my house,
Your want shall better be releeu'd then thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice,
To beare my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earle is much distressed:
An Englishman, *Russell* the Earle of *Bedford*,
Is by the French King, solde vnto his death,
It may fall out, that I may doe him good,
To saue his life, Ile hazard my hart blood:
Therefore kinde sir, thankes for your liberall gift,
I must be gone to aide him ther's no shift.

Fri. Ile be no hinderer to so good an acte,
Heauen prosper you, in that you goe about;
If Fortune bring you this way backe againe,
Pray let me see you: so I take my leaue,
All good a man can wish, I doe bequeath. *Exit* Friskiball.

Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your head,
Theres few such men within our climate bred.
How say you now *Hodge*, is not this good fortune.

Hod. How say you, Ile tell you what maister *Thomas*
If all men be of this Gentlemans minde,
Lets keepe our standings vpon this Bridge,
We shall get more here with begging in one day,
Then I shall with making Horshoes in a whole yeare.

Crom. No *Hodge*, we must begone vnto *Bonomia*,
There to releeue the noble Earle of *Bedford*:
Where if I faile not in my policie,
I shall deceiue their subtile treacherie.

Hodge. Naye Ile follow you, God blesse vs from the theeuing
Bandettoes againe. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Bedforde *and his Hoast.*

Bed. Am I betraide, was *Bedforde* borne to die,
By such base slaues in such a place as this:
Haue I escaped so many times in *France*,
So many battailes haue I ouer passed,
And made the French stirre when they hard my name;
And am I now betraide vnto my death,
Some of their harts bloud first shall pay for it.

Hoa. They do desire my Lord to speake with you.

Bed. The traitors doe desire to haue my bloud,
But by my birth, my honour, and my name:
By all my hopes, my life shall cost them deare,
Open the dore, ile venter out vpon them,
And if I must die, then ile die with honour.

Hoa. Alas my Lord that is a desperate course,
They haue begirt you round about the house:
Their meaning is to take you prisoner,
And so to send your bodie vnto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as drie as sand,
Before aliue they send me vnto *France*:
Ile haue my bodie first bored like a Siue,
And die as *Hector*, gainst the *Murmidons*,
Eare *France* shall boast *Bedfordes* their prisoner,
Trecherous *France* that gainst the law of armes:
Hath here betraide thy enemie to death,
But be assured my bloud shalbe reuenged,
Vpon the best liues that remaines in *France*,
Stand backe, or els thou run'st vpon thy death.

Enter a Seruant.

Mes. Pardon my Lord, I come to tell your honour,
That they haue hired a *Neopolitan*:
Who by his Oratorie hath promised them,
Without the shedding of one drop of bloud,
Into their handes safe to deliuer you,
And therefore craues none but himselfe may enter,
And a poore swaine that attendes on him. *Exit seruant.*

Bed. A *Neopolitan* bid him come in,
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence:
As *Cicero* the famous man of *Rome*,
His wordes would be as chaffe againſt the winde,
Sweete-tong'd *Vliſſes* that made *Aiaxe* mad;
Were he and his toung in this ſpeakers head,
Aliue he winnes me not, then tis no conqueſt dead.

Enter Cromwell *like a* Neopolitan, *and* Hodge *with him.*

Cro. Sir are you the maiſter of the houſe,
Hoa. I am ſir.
Cro. By this ſame token you muſt leaue this place,
And leaue none but the Earle and I together,
And this my Peſſant here to tend on vs.
Hoa. With al my hart, God grant, you doe ſome good.

Exit Hoaſt. Cromwell *ſhuts the dore.*

Bed. Now ſir, whats your will with me?
Cro. Intends your honour, not to yeeld your ſelfe:
Bed. No good man gooſe, not while my ſword doth laſt,
Is this your eloquence for to perſwade me.
Cro. My Lord my eloquence is for to ſaue you,
I am not as you iudge a *Neopolitan*:
But *Cromwell* your ſeruant, and an Engliſhman.
Bed. How *Cromwel*, not my Farriers ſonne.
Cro. The ſame ſir, and am come to ſuccour you.
Hod. Yes faith ſir, and I am *Hodge*, your poore Smith,
Many a time and oft, haue I ſhooed your Dapper Gray.
Bed. And what auailes it me that thou art here.
Cro. It may auaile if youle be rul'd by me,
My Lord you know the men of *Mantua*;
And theſe *Bononians* are at deadlie ſtrife,
And they my Lord, both loue and honour you,
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* port,
Then were you ſafe diſpite of all their force.
Bed. Tut man thou talkeſt of thinges impoſſible,
Doſt thou not ſee that we are round beſet:
How then is it poſſible, we ſhould eſcape.

Crom. By force we cannot, but by pollicie,
Put on the apparell here that *Hodge* doth weare,
And giue him yours: the States they know you not,
For as I thinke they neuer saw your face,
And at a watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire, that we safe may passe
To *Mantua*, where Ile say my businesse lies,
How doth your Honor like of this deuise?

Bed. O wondrous good: But wilt thou venter *Hodge*?

Hod. Will I O noble Lord, I do accorde, in any thing I can,
And do agree, to set thee free, do fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then lets change our apparrell straight.

Crom. Goe *Hodge* make hast, least they chance to call.

Hod. I warrant you ile fit him with a sute. *Exit* Earle & Hodge.

Crom. Heauens graunt this pollicie doth take successe,
And that the Earle may safelie scape away.
And yet it greeues me for this simple wretch,
For feare they should offer him violence,
But of two euils, tis best to shun the greatest,
And better is it that he liues in thrall,
Then such a Noble Earle, as he should fall.
Their stubborne harts, it may be will relent:
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent,
My Lord haue you dispatched.

Enter Bedford *like the Clowne, and* Hodge *in his cloake and his Hat.*

Bed. How doost thou like vs *Cromwell*, is it well?

Crom. O my Lord excellent, *Hodge* how doost feele thy selfe?

Hodg. How do I feele my selfe, why as a Noble man should do.
O how I feele honor come creeping on,
My Nobilitie is wonderfull melancholie:
Is it not most Gentleman like to be melancholie,

Crom. Yes *Hodge*, now goe sute downe in his studie.
And take state vpon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you my Lord, let me alone to take state vpon me.

me: but harke you my Lord, do you feele nothing bite about you?

Bed. No truſt me *Hodge.*

Hod. I they know they want their paſture; its a ſtrange thing of this vermine, they dare not meddle with Nobilitie.

Crom. Go take thy place *Hodge*, Ile call them in.

All is done, enter and if you pleaſe. Hodge *ſits in the ſtudy, and* Cromwell *calles in the States.*

Enter the States and Officers, with Halberts.

Gou. What haue you wone him? will he yeelde himſelfe?

Crom. I haue ante pleaſe you, and the quiet Earle,
Doth yeeld himſelfe to be diſpoſed by you.

Gou. Giue him the monie that we promiſed him,
So let him go, whether it pleaſe himſelfe.

Crom. My buſineſſe ſir lies vnto *Mantua*,
Pleaſe you to giue me ſafe conduct thether.

Gou. Goe and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And ſee him ſafe deliuered preſently. *Exit* Cromwell *and*
Goe draw the curtaines, let vs ſee the Earle, Bedford,
O he is writing, ſtand apart awhile.

Hodge. Fellow *William*, I am not as I haue beene, I went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord: I am at this preſent writing, among the *Polonyan Caſiges.* I do commend my Lordſhip to *Raphe* & to *Roger*, to *Bridget* & to *Doritie*, & ſo to all the youth of *Putney.*

Gou. Sure theſe are the names of Engliſh Noblemen,
Some of his ſpeciall friends, to whom he writes:
But ſtay he doth adreſſe himſelfe to ſing. *Here he ſings a ſong.*
My Lord I am glad you are ſo frolick and ſo blithe,
Beleeue me noble Lord if you knew all,
Youde change your merrie vaine to ſudden ſorrow.

Hodg. I change my merrie vaine, no thou *Bononian*, no,
I am a Lord and therefore let me goe,
And doe defie thee and thy Saſigis,
Therefore ſtand off, and come not neere my honor.

Gou. My Lord this ieſting cannot ſerue your turne.

Hod. Dooſt thinke thou blacke *Bononyan* beaſt,
That I doe floute, doe gibe or ieſt,
No, no, thou Beare-pot, know that I, a noble Earle, a Lord pardie.

Gou. What meanes this Trumpets sound.

A Trumpet soundes. Enter a Messenger.

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua.*

Gou. What would you with vs speake, thou man of *Mantua?*

Mes. Men of *Bononia*: this my message is,
To let you know the Noble Earle of *Bedford*:
Is safe within the towne of *Mantua*,
And willes you send the pessant that you haue,
Who hath deceiued your expectation,
Or els the States of *Mantua* haue vowed:
They will recall the truce that they haue made,
And not a man shall sturre, from forth your towne,
That shall returne vnlesse you send him backe.

Go. O this misfortune how it mads my hart,
The *Neopolitan* hath beguiled vs all;
Hence with this foole: what shall we do with him,
The Earle being gone a plague vpon it all.

Hod. No ile assure you I am no Earle, but a smith sir,
One *Hodge*, a smith at Putnay sir:
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you sir.

Gou. Away with him, take hence the foole you came for.

Hod. I sir: and ile leaue the greater foole with you.

Mes. Fatewell *Bononians*, come friend along with me,

Hod. My friend afore, my Lordship will follow thee. *Exit.*

Gou. Well *Mantua*, since by thee the Earle is lost,
Within few dayes I hope to see thee crost. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus farre you see how *Cromwelles* fortune passed,
The Earle of *Bedford* being safe in *Mantua*:
Desires *Cromwells* companie into France,
To make requitall for his courtesie,
But *Cromwell* doth denie the Earle his sute:
And telles him that those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the land,
And so directlie takes his way to Spaine:
The Earle to France, and so they both do part,
Now let your thoughtes as swift as is the winde,

Skip ſome few yeares, that *Cromwell* ſpent in trauell,
And now imagine him to be in England:
Seruant vnto the maiſter of the Roules,
Wherein ſhort time where he beganne to floriſh,
An houre ſhall ſhow you what few yeares did cheriſh. *Exit.*

The Muſick playes, they bring out the banquet. Enter Sir Chriſtopher Hales, *and* Cromwell, *and two ſeruants.*

Hales. Come ſirs, be carefull of your maiſters credit,
And as our bountie now exceedes the figure
Of common entertainment: ſo do you
With lookes as free, as is your maiſters ſoule,
Giue former welcome to the thronged tables,
That ſhall receiue the Cardinals followers.
And the attendants of the Lord Chancellor.
But all my care *Cromwell* depends on thee,
Thou art a man, differing from vulgar forme,
And by how much thy ſpirit is ranckt boue theſe,
In rules of Arte, by ſo much it ſhines brighter by trauell,
Whoſe obſeruance pleades his merit,
In a moſt learned, yet vnaffecting ſpirit,
Good *Cromwell* caſt an eye of faire regarde,
Bout all my houſe, and what this ruder fleſh,
Through ignorance, or wine, do miſcreate,
Salue thou with curteſie: if welcome want,
Full bowles, and ample banquets will ſeeme ſcant.

Crom. Sir, what ſoeuer lies in me,
Aſſure I will ſhew my vtmoſt dutie. *Exit* Crom.

Hales. About it then, the Lords will ſtraight be here,
Cromwell, thou haſt thoſe parts would rather ſute,
The ſeruice of the ſtate, then of my houſe,
I looke vpon thee with a louing eye,
That one day will prefer thy deſtinie.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir the Lords be at hand,

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* ſtraight attend vs,
And looke you all things be in perfect readineſſe. *The*

The Muſicke playes. Enter Cardinall Wolſay, *Sir* Thomas Moore *and* Gardiner.

Wol. O ſir *Chriſtopher* you are too liberall, what a banket to?
Hal. My Lordes if wordes could ſhow, the ample welcome,
That my free hart affordes you, I could then become a prater:
But I now muſt deale like a feaſt *Poletian*,
With your Lordſhippes, deferre your welcome till the banket end,
That it may then ſalue our defect of faire:
Yet Welcome now and all that tend on you.
Wol. Thankes to the kinde maiſter of the Roules,
Come and ſit downe, ſit downe ſir *Thomas Moore*:
Tis ſtrange, how that we and the Spaniard differ,
Their dinner, is our banquet after dinner,
And they are men of actiue diſpoſition,
This I gather, that by their ſparing meate:
Their bodie is more fitter for the warres,
And if that famine chance to pinch their mawes,
Being vſde to faſt it breedes leſſe paine.
Hal. Fill me ſome Wine: Ile anſwere Cardinall *Wolſay*:
My Lord we Spaniardes are of more freer ſoules,
Then hungerſtarued, and ill complexioned ſpaniardes,
They that are rich in Spaine, ſpare bellie foode,
To deck their backes with an Italian hoode,
And Silkes of Ciuill: And the pooreſt Snake,
That feedes on Lemmons, Pilchers, and neare heated
His pallet with ſweete fleſh, will beare a caſe,
More fat and gallant, then his ſtarued face,
Pride, the Inquiſition, and this bellie euill,
Are in my iudgement, Spaines three headed diuell.
Mo. Indeede it is a plague vnto their nation,
And ſtager after in blinde imitation.
Hal. My Lords with welcome, I preſent your Lordſhips
A ſollemne health.
Mo. I loue health well, but when healthes doe bring,
Paine to the head, and bodies ſurfetting:
Then ceaſe I healthes: nay ſpill not friend,

For

For though the drops be ſmall,
Yet haue they force, to force men to the wall.
Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher* is that your man.
Hal. And like your grace he is a Scholler, and a *Lingeſt*,
One that hath trauelled manie partes of Chriſtendome my Lorde.
Wol. My friend come nearer, haue you beene a traueller.
Cro. My Lord I haue added to my knowledge, the loe Countries,
France, *Spaine*, *Germanie*, and *Italie*,
And though ſmall gaine, of profit I did finde,
Yet did it pleaſe my eye, content my minde.
Wol. What doe you thinke of the ſeuerall ſtates,
And princes Courtes as you haue trauelled.
Cro. My Lord no Court with England may compare,
Neither for ſtate nor ciuill gouernement:
Luſt dwelles in *France*, in *Italie*, and *Spaine*,
From the poore peſant to the Princes traine,
In *Germanie*, and *Holland* riot ſerues,
And he that moſt can drinke, moſt he deſerues:
England I praiſe not: for I here was borne,
But that ſhe laugheth the others vnto ſcorne.
Wol. My Lord there dwelles within that ſpirite,
More then can be diſcerned by outwarde eye,
Sir *Criſtopher* will you part with your man.
Hal. I haue ſought to proffer him to your Lordſhip,
And now I ſee he hath preferred himſelfe.
Wol. What is thy name.
Crom. *Cromwell* my Lorde.
Wol. Then *Cromwell* here we make thee Solliciter of our cauſes,
And neareſt next our ſelfe:
Gardiner giue you kinde welcome to the man.
Gardiner *imbraces him.*
Mo. My Lorde you are a royall Winer,
Hath got a man beſides your bountious dinner,
Well Knight, praie we come no more:
If we come often, or ſhut vp thy doore.
Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher* haddeſt hadſt thou giuen me,
Halfe thy landes: thou couldeſt not haue pleaſed me.

So much as with this man of thine,
My infant thoughtes do ſpell:
Shortlie his fortune ſhall be lifted higher,
True induſtrie doth kindle honours fier,
And ſo kinde maiſter of the Roules farewell.

Hal. Cromwell farewell.

Cro. Cromwell takes his leaue of you,
That neare will leaue to loue and honour you.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now *Cromwells* higheſt fortunes doth begin, *The Mu-*
Wolſay that loued him as he did his life: *ſicke playes,*
Committed all his treaſure to his hands, *as they go*
VVolſay is dead, and *Gardiner* his man, *in.*
Is now created Biſhop of *VVincheſter:*
Pardon if we omit all *VVolſayes* life,
Becauſe our play dependes on *Cromwelles* death,
Now ſit and ſee his higheſt ſtate of all;
His haight of ryſing: and his ſodaine fall,
Pardon the errors is all readie paſt,
And liue in hope the beſt doth come at laſt:
My hope vpon your fauour doth depend,
And looke to haue your liking ere the end. *Exit.*

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *The Dukes of* Norffolke, *and of* Suffolke, *Sir* Thomas Moore, *Sir* Chriſtopher Halles, *and* Cromwell.

Nor. Maiſter *Cromwell* ſince Cardinall *VVolſayes* death,
His maieſtie is giuen to vnderſtand:
Theres certaine billes and writings in your hand,
That much concernes the ſtate of England,
My Lord of *VVincheſter* is it not ſo.

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolke*, we two weare whilom fellowes,
And maiſter *Cromwell*, though our maiſters loue:

Did

Did binde vs, while his loue was to the King,
It is no boote now to denie these things,
Which may be preiuditiall to the state:
And though that God hath raisde my fortune hyer,
Then any way I lookt for, or deseru'de.
Yet my life no longer with me dwell,
Then I prooue true vnto my Soueraigne:
What say you maister *Cromwell*? haue you those writings, I, or no?

Crom. Here are the writings, and vpon my knees,
I giue them vp, vnto the worthy Dukes,
Of Suffolke, and of Norffolke: he was my Maister,
And each vertuous part,
That liued in him, I tenderd with my hart,
But what his head complotted gainst the state.
My countries loue commands me that to hate:
His sudden death I greeue for, not his fall,
Because he sought to worke my countries thrall.

Suff. Cromwell, the King shall here of this thy dutie,
Whom I assure my selfe will well reward thee:
My Lord lets go vnto his Maiestie,
And show these writings which he longs to see.

Exit Norffolke *and* Suffolke.

Enter Bedford *hastily.*

Bed. How now, whose this *Cromwell*?
By by soule, welcome to England:
Thou once didst saue my life, didst not *Cromwell*?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater glorie for me, that you remember it,
Then of my selfe vainelie to report it.

Bed. Well *Cromwell*, now is the time,
I shall commend thee to my Soueraigne:
Cheere vp thy selfe, for I will raise thy state,
A *Russell* yet was neuer found ingrate.

Exit.

Hales. O how vncertaine is the wheele of state,
Who latelie greater then the Cardinall,
For feare, and loue: and now who lower lies?

Gaye

Gaye honours are but Fortunes flatteries,
And whom this day, pride and promotion swels,
To morrow, enuie and ambition quels.
More. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poore Flie,
May boldlie say the wretches death is nigh.
Gard. I know his state and proud ambition,
Was too too violent to last ouer-long.
Hales. Who soares too neare the sunne with golden wynges,
Mealtes them, to ruine his owne fortune bringes.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suf. *Cromwell* kneele downe in king *Henries* name,
Arise sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus beginnes thy fame.

Enter the Duke of Norffolke.

Norf. *Cromwell* the maiestie of England,
For the good liking he conceiues of thee:
Makes thee maister of the iewell house,
Chiefe Secretarie to himselfe, and with all,
Creates thee one of his highnesse priuie Counsell.

Enter the Earle *of* Bedforde.

Bed. Where is sir *Thomas Cromwell* is he knighted,
Suf. He is my Lorde.
Bed. Then to adde honour to his name,
The King creates him Lord keeper of his priuie Seale:
And maister of the Roules,
Which you sir *Christopher* do now enioy,
The King determines higher place for you.
Crom. My Lords, these honors are too high for my desert,
More. O content thee man, who would not choose it,
Yet thou art wise in seeming to refuse it.
Gard. Heres honors, titles, and promotions,
I feare this climing, will haue a sad downfalle:

Norf.

Norff. Then come my Lords, lets altogether bring,
This new made Counseller to Englands King.

Exit all but Gardiner.

Gard. But *Gardiner* meanes his glorie shall be dimde:
Shall *Cromwell* liue a greater man then I,
My enuie with his honour now is bred,
I hope to shorten *Cromwell* by the head. *Exit.*

Enter Friskiball *very poore.*

Fris. O *Friskiball*, what shall become of thee?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turne,
Fortune that turnes her too vnconstant wheele,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the Sea,
All parts abroade where euer I haue beene,
Growes wearie of me, and denies me succour,
My debters they, that should releeue my want,
Forsweares my monie, saies they owe me none:
They know my state too meane, to beare out law,
And here in London, where I oft haue beene,
And haue done good to manie a wretched man,
Am now most wretched here, dispisd my selfe,
In vaine it is, more of their hearts to trie,
Be patient therefore, laye thee downe and die.

He lies downe.

Enter good man Seely, *and his wife* Ioane.

Seely. Come *Ioane*, come, lets see what heele doe for vs now? Iwis we haue done for him, when many a time and often he might haue gone a hungrie to bed.

Wife. Alas man, now he is made a Lord, heele neuer looke vpon vs, heele fullfill the old Prouerbe: Set Beggers a horse-backe, and theile ride: A welli day for my Cowe, such as he, hath made vs come behinde hand, we had neuer pawnd our Cowe els to pay our rent.

Seely. Well *Ioane* heele come this waye : and by Gods dickers ile tell him roundlie of it, and if hee were tenne Lordes : a ſhall knowe that I had not my Cheeſe and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Doe you remember husband how hee woulde mouch vp my Cheeſe cakes, he hath forgot this now, but weele remember him.

Seelie. I we ſhall haue now three flappes with a Foxe taile: but I faith ile gibber a ioynte, but ile tell him his owne: ſtaye who comes heere, O ſtand vppe heere hee comes, ſtand vppe.

Enter Hodge *verie fine with a Tipſtafe*, Cromwell, *the Mace caryed before him:* Norffolke, *and* Suffolke, *and attendants.*

Hod. Come away with theſe beggars here, riſe vp ſirra,
Come out the good people : runne afore there ho.

Friskiball *riſeth, and ſtands a farre off.*

Seelie. I wee are kicked awaye now, wee come for our owne, the time hath beene he woulde a looked more friendlye vpon vs : And you *Hodge*, we knew you well inough though you are ſo fine.

Cro. Come hether ſirrah, ſtay what men are theſe,
My honeſt Hoſt of Hounſlow, and his wife:
I owe thee mony father, do I not.

Seelie. I by the bodie of mee dooeſt thou, woulde thou wouldeſt paye me, good foure pound it is, I haue a the poſte at home.

Cro. I know tis true, ſirra giue him ten Angels,
And looke your wife, and you do ſtay to dinner:
And while you liue : I freelie giue to you,
Foure pound a yeare, for the foure pound I ought you.

Seelie. Art not changed, art ould *Tom* ſtill,
Now God bleſſe the good Lord *Tom*:

Home

Home *Ioane* home, ile dine with my Lorde *Tom* to day,
And thou ſhalt come next weeke,
Fetch my Cow, home *Ioane*, home.
Wife. Now God bleſſe thee, my good Lorde *Tom*,
Ile fetch my Cow preſentlie,

Exit Wife.

Enter Gardiner.

Cro. Sirra, goe to yon ſtranger, tell him I deſire him
Stay at dinner, I muſt ſpeake with him;
Gar. My Lorde of *Norffolke*: ſee you this ſame bubble,
That ſame puffe, but marke the end, my Lord marke the ende.
Nor. I promiſe you, I like not ſomthing he hath done,
But let that paſſe, the King doth loue him well.
Cro. God morrow to my Lord of *Wincheſter*,
I know you beare me hard, about the Abbie landes.
Gar. Haue I not reaſon, when religion is wronged,
You had no colour for what you haue done,
Cro. Yes the aboliſhing of Antichriſt,
And of this Popiſh order from our Realme:
I am no enemy to religion,
But what is done, it is for Englands good,
What did they ſerue for but to feede a ſort:
Of lazie Abbotes, and of full fed Fryers,
They neither plow, nor ſowe, and yet they reape,
The fat of all the Land, and ſucke the poore:
Looke what was theirs, is in King *Henries* handes,
His wealth before lay in the Abbie lands.
Gar. Indeede theſe things you haue aledged my Lord,
When God doth know the infant yet vnborne:
Will curſe the time, the Abbies were puld downe,
I pray now where is hoſpitality,
Where now may poore diſtreſſed people go:
For to releeue their neede, or reſt their bones,
When weary trauell doth oppreſſe their limmes,
And where religious men ſhould take them in,

Shall now be kept backe with a Maſtiue dogge,
And thouſand thouſand.

Nor. O my Lord no more: thinges paſt redreſſe,
Tis booteleſſe to complaine.

Cro. What ſhall we to the Conuocation houſe,

Nor. Weele fellow you my Lord, praie leade the way.

Enter Old Cromwell *like a Farmer.*

Old.Cro. How, one *Cromwell* made Lord Keeper ſince I left Putnay
And dwelt in Yorkeſhire, I neuer hard better newes:
Ile ſee that *Cromwell*, or it ſhall goe hard.

Cro. My aged father: ſtate ſet aſide,
Father on my knee I craue your bleſſing:
One of my ſeruantes go and haue him in,
At better leaſure will we talke with him.

Old.Cro. Now if I die, how happy were the day,
To ſee this comfort raines forth ſhowers of ioy.

Exit Olde Cromwell.

Nor. This dutie in him ſhowes a kinde of grace,

Cro. Go on before for time drawes on apace.

Exit all but Friskiball.

Friſ. I wonder what this Lord would haue with me,
His man ſo ſtricktlie gaue me charge to ſtay:
I neuer did offend him to my knowledge,
Well, good or bad, I meane to bide it all,
Worſe then I am, now neuer can befall.

Enter Baniſter *and his wife.*

Ba. Come wife I take it be almoſt dinner time,
For maiſter *Newton*, and maiſter *Crosbie* ſent to me:
Laſt night, they would come dine with me,
And take their bond in: I pray thee hie thee home,
And ſee that all things be in readineſſe.

Mi. Ba. They ſhalbe welcome, husband ile go before,
But is not that man maiſter *Friskiball*:

She runnes and imbraſes him.

Ba. O

Ba. O heauens it is kinde maiſter *Friskiball*,
Say ſir, what hap hath brought you to this paſſe.
Friſ. The ſame that brought you to your miſery.
Ba. Why would you not acquaint me with your ſtate,
Is *Baniſter* your poore friend quite forgot:
Whoſe goods, whoſe loue, whoſe life and all is yours.
Fri. I thought your vſage would be as the reſt,
That had more kindneſſe at my handes then you,
Yet looked aſconce, when as they ſaw me poore:
Mi.Ba. If *Baniſter* ſhould beare ſo bace a hart,
I neuer would looke my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatriſe.
Ba. And well thou mighteſt, ſhould *Baniſter* deale ſo,
Since that I ſaw you ſir, my ſtate is mended:
And for the thouſand pound I owe to you,
I haue it ready, for you ſir at home,
And though I greeue your fortune is ſo bad:
Yet that my hap's to helpe you, makes me glad,
And now ſir will it pleaſe you walke with me.
Friſ. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancelour,
Hath here commaunded me to waight on him,
For what I know not: pray God tis for my good.
Ba. Neuer make doubt, of that ile warrant you,
He is as kinde a noble gentleman:
As euer did poſſeſſe the place he hath.
Mi.Ba. Sir my brother is his ſteward if you pleaſe,
Weale go along, and beare you company:
I know we ſhall not want for welcome there.
Friſ. Withall my hart: but whats become of *Bagot*.
Ba. He is hanged, for buying iewels of the Kinges.
Friſ. A iuſt reward for one ſo impious,
The time drawes on, ſir will you go along.
Ba. Ile follow you kinde maiſter *Friskiball*.

Exit Omnes.

Enter two Marchants.

1. Now maiſter *Crosbie*, I ſee you haue a care,
To keepe your word, in paiment of your monie.
2. By my faith I haue reaſon vpon a bond,
Three thouſand pound is too much to forfeit,
Yet I doubt not Maiſter *Baniſter*.
1. By my faith your ſumme is more then mine,
And yet I am not much behinde you too,
Conſidering that to day I paid at court.
2. Maſſe and well remembred:
Whats the reaſon the Lord *Cromwels* men,
Weare ſuch long skirts vpon their coates,
They reach almoſt downe to their verie ham.
1. I will reſolue you ſir, and thus it is;
The Biſhop of *Winchester*, that loues not *Cromwell*,
As great men are enuied, aſwell as leſſe.
A while agoe there was a iarre betweene them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwels* eare,
That Biſhop *Gardiner* would ſit on his skirt,
Vpon which word, he made his men long Blew coates,
And in the Court wore one of them himſelfe:
And meeting with the Biſhop, quoth he, my Lord
Here's skirt enough now for your Grace to ſit on,
Which vexed the Biſhop to the very hart,
This is the reaſon why they weare long coates.
2. Tis alwaies ſeene, and marke it for a rule,
That one great man will enuie ſtill another:
But tis a thing that nothing concernes me:
What ſhall we now to Maiſter *Baniſters*?
1. I come, weele pay him royally for our dinner. *Exit.*

Enter the Vſher *and the* Shewer, *the meate goes ouer the Stage.*

Vſher. Vncouer there Gentlemen.

Enter

Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolke, *Old* Cromwell, Friskiball, *goodman* Seelie, *and attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lordes of *Suffolke* and of *Bedford*,
Your honors welcome to poore *Cromwels* houſe:
Where is my father? nay be couered Father,
Although that duty to theſe noble men, doth challenge it
Yet Ile make bolde with them.
Your head doth beare the callender of care:
What *Cromwell* couered, and his Father bare,
It muſt not be. Now ſir to you,
Is not your name *Friskiball* and a *Florentine.*
Fris. My name was *Friskiball*, till cruell fate,
Did rob me of my name and of my ſtate.
Crom. What fortune brought you to this countrie now?
Fri. All other parts hath left me ſuccorleſſe,
Saue onelie this, becauſe of debts I haue,
I hope to gaine for to releeue my want.
Crom. Did you not once vpon your *Florence* bridge,
Helpe two diſtreſſed men, robd by the Bandetro,
His name was *Cromwell*?
Fri. I neuer made my braine a calender of any good I did,
I alwaies lou'd this nation with my heart.
Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there releeued,
Sixteene Duckets you gaue me for to cloath me,
Sixteene to beare my charges by the way,
And ſixteene more I had for my horſe hier,
There be thoſe ſeuerall ſummes iuſtlie returnd,
Yet with iniuſtice, ſeruing at my need,
And to repay them without intereſt,
Therefore receiue of me theſe foure ſeuerall bags,
In each of them there is foure hundred marke,
And bring me the names of all your debitors,
And if they will not ſee you paide, I will:

O God

O God forbid, that I ſhould ſee him fall,
That helpt me in my greateſt need of all:
Here ſtands my Father that firſt gaue me life,
Alas what dutie is too much for him:
This man in time of need did ſaue my life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him.
By this old man I often times was fed,
Els might I haue gone ſupperleſſe to bed.
Such kindneſſe haue I had of theſe three men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repaie againe:
Now in to dinner, for we ſtay too long,
And to good ſtomacks is no greater wrong.
Exit omnes.

Enter Gardiner *in his ſtudie, and his man.*

Gard. Sirra, where be thoſe men I cauſd to ſtay?
Ser. They do attend your pleaſure ſir within.
Gard. Bid them come hether, and ſtay you without,
For by thoſe men, the Foxe of this ſame land,
That makes a Gooſe of better then himſelfe,
Weele worie him vnto his lateſt home,
Or *Gardiner* will faile in his intent.
As for the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norffolke*,
Whom I haue ſent for to come ſpeake with me,
Howſoeuer outwardlie they ſhadow it.
Yet in their hearts I know they loue him not:
As for the Earle of *Bedford* he is but one,
And dares not gaine-ſay what we do ſet downe:
Enter the two witneſſes.
Now my friends, you know I ſau'd your liues,
When by the law you had deſerued death,
And then you promiſed me vpon your othes,
To venture both your liues to do me good.
Both wit. We ſwore no more, then that we will performe.
Gard. I take your words, and that which you muſt do,

Is ſeruice for you God, and for your King,
To roote a rebell from this flouriſhing land,
One thats an enemie vnto the Church:
And therefore muſt you take your ſolemne oathes,
That you heard *Cromwell* the Lord Chauncellor,
Did wiſh a dagger at King *Henries* hart:
Feare not to ſweare it, for I hard him ſpeake it,
Therefore weele ſhield you from inſuing harmes.

2. Wit. If you will warrant vs the deed is good,
Weele vndertake it.

Gar. Kneele downe, and I wil here abſolue you both,
This Crucifix I lay vpon your head,
And ſprinckle holy-water on your browes,
The deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it ſhall you purchaſe grace from heauen.

1. Now ſir weele vndertake it by our ſoules.

2. For *Cromwell* neuer loued none of our ſort.

Gar. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
I will preferre you to ſome place of worth:
Now get you in, vntill I call for you,
For preſentlie the Dukes meanes to be here. *Exit Wit.*
Cromwell ſit faſt, thy time's not long to raigne,
The Abbies that were puld downe by thy meanes,
Is now a meane for me to pull thee downe:
Thy pride vpon thy owne head lights vpon,
For thou art he hath changd religion:
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolke, Norffolke, *and the Earle of* Bedford.

Suff. Goodden to my Lord Biſhop.

Nor. How fares my Lord? what are you all alone?

Gar. No not alone my Lords, my mind is troubled:
I know your honours muſe wherefore I ſent,
And in ſuch haſt: What came you from the King?

Norff. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we liue in,
Theres *Thomas Wolsay*, hees alreadie gone,
And *Thomas Moore*, he followed after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remaine,
That is farre worsse then either of those twaine,
And if with speed my Lords we not pursue it,
I feare the King and all the land will rue it.

Bed. Another *Thomas*, pray God it be not *Cromwell*.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that traitor *Cromwell*.

Bed. Is *Cromwell* false, my hart will neuer thinke it.

Suff. My Lord of *Winchester*, what likelihood,
Or proofe haue you of this his treacherie.

Gar. My Lord too much, call in the men within, *Enter witnesses.*
These men my Lord vpon their othes affirme,
That they did here Lord *Cromwell* in his garden,
Wished a dagger sticking at the hart,
Of our King *Henrie*, what is this but treason?

Bed. If it be so, my hart doth bleed with sorrow.

Suff. How say you friends, what did you here these words?

1. Wit. We did and like your grace.

Norff. In what place was Lord *Cromwell* when he spake them?

2. wit. In his Garden, where we did attend a sute,
Which we had waited for two yeare and more.

Suff. How long ist since you heard him speake these words?

2. Wit. Some halfe yeare since.

Bed. How chance that you concealdit all this time?

1. Wit. His greatnesse made vs feare, that was the cause.

Gard. I, I, his greatnesse thats the cause indeed,
And to make his treason here more manifest,
He calles his seruants to him round about,
Telles them of *Wolseyes* life, and of his fall,
Saies that himselfe hath many enemies,
And giues to some of them a Parke or Manor,
To others Leases, Lands to other some:
What need he doe thus in his prime of life,
And if he were not fearfull of his death.

Suff. My Lord theſe likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me Lords, for I muſt needs depart,
Their proofes are great, but greater is my heart.
Exit Bedford.

Norff. My friends take heed of that which you haue ſaid,
Your ſoules muſt anſwer what your tongues reports:
Therefore take heed, be warie what you doe.

2. Wit. My Lord we ſpeake no more but truth.

Norff. Let them depart my Lord of *Winchester*,
Let theſe men be cloſe kept,
Vntill the day of triall.

Gar. They ſhall my Lord: hoe take in theſe two men,
Exit witneſſes.
My Lords, if *Cromwell* haue a publike triall,
That which we do, is voide by his deniall:
You know the king will credit none but him.

Nor. Tis true, he rules the King euen as he pleaſes.

Suff. How ſhall we do for to attache him then.

Gard. Marie my Lords thus, by an Acte he made himſelfe,
With an intent to intrap ſome of our liues,
And this it is: If any Councellor
Be conuicted of high treaſon,
He ſhall be executed without a publike triall,
This Act my Lords he cauſd the King to make.

Suff. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall vpon himſelfe.

Nor. Let vs not ſlack it, tis for Englands good,
We muſt be warie, els heele go beyond vs.

Gar. Well hath your Grace ſaid my Lord of *Norffolke*
Therefore let vs preſently to *Lambeth*,
Thether comes *Cromwell* from the Court to night,
Let vs areſt him, ſend him to the Tower,
And in the morning, cut off the traitors head.

Norf. Come then about it, let vs guard the towne,
This is the day that *Cromwell* muſt go downe.

Gard. Along my Lords, well *Cromwell* is halfe dead,

He ſhaked my hart, but I will ſhaue his head. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *ſolus.*

Bed. My ſoule is like a water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the man that makes it ſo,
O *Cromwell* I do feare thy end is neare:
Yet Ile preuent their malice if I can,
And in good time, ſee where the man doth come,
Who little knowes how neares his day of dome.

Enter Cromwell *with his traine*; Bedford *makes as though he would ſpeake to him: he goes on.*

Cro. Your well encountered my good Lord of *Bedford*,
I ſee your honour is adreſſed to talke,
Pray pardon me, I am ſent for to the king,
And do not know the buſineſſe yet my ſelfe,
So fare you well, for I muſt needes be gone.

Exit all the traine.

Bed. You muſt, well what remedie,
I feare too ſoone you muſt be gone indeed,
The king hath buſineſſe, but little doeſt thou know,
Whoſe buſie for thy life: thou thinkes not ſo.

Enter Cromwell *and the traine againe.*

Crom. The ſecond time wel met my Lord of *Bedford*,
I am very ſory that my haſt is ſuch,
Lord *Marques Dorſet* beeing ſicke to death,
I muſt receaue of him the priuie ſeale
At Lambeth, ſoone my Lord we'le talke our fill,

Exit the traine.

Bed. How ſmooth and eaſie is the way to death.

Enter a ſeruant.

Meſ. My Lord, the dukes of *Norfolke* and of *Suffolke*,

Accompanied with the Bishop of Winchester,
Intreates you to come presently to Lambeth,
On earnest matters that concernes the state.

Bed. To Lambeth, so: goe fetch me pen and inke,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there shall talke enough,
I and our last I feare and if he come, (*He writes a letter.*
Heare take this letter, and beare it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, say it concernes him neare,
Away begone, make all the haste you can,
To Lambeth do I goe a woefull man. *Exit.*

Enter Cromwell *and his traine.*

Crom. Is the Barge readie I will straight to Lambeth,
And if this one dayes businesse once were past,
I'de take my ease to morrow after trouble,
How now my friend wouldst thou speake with me. *The Messenger brings him the letter, he puts it in his pocket.*

Mes. Sir heares a letter from my Lord of *Bedford.*

Crom. O good my friend commend me to thy Lord,
Hould take those Angels, drinke them for thy paynes.

Mes. He doth desire your grace to reade it,
Because he sayes it doth concerne you neare.

Crom. Bid him assure himselfe of that, farewell,
To morrow tell him shall he heare from me,
Set on before there, and away to Lambeth.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Winchester, Suffolke, Norfolke, Bedford, *Sargiant at armes, the Harauld, and halberts.*

Gar. Halberts stand close vnto the water side,
Sargiant at armes be bould in your office,
Harrauld deliuer your proclamation.

Ha. This is to giue notice to all the kings subiects

The late Lord *Cromwell* Lord Chancellor of England,
Vicor generall ouer the realme,
Him to hould and esteeme as a traytor,
Agaynst the Crowne and dignitie of England,
So God saue the king.

Gar. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and roote thee from the land,
For whilst thou liuest truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make a lane there, the traitors at hand,
Keepe backe *Cromwels* men,
Drowne them if they come on, Sargiant your office.

Enter Cromwell, *they make a lane with their Halbertes.*

Cro. What meanes my Lord of *Norfolke* by these wordes,
Sirs come along.

Gar. Kill them if they come on.

Sar. Lord *Cromwell* in king *Henries* name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.

Crom. Sargiant me of treason.

Cromwels *men offer to drawe.*

Suf. Kill them if they draw a sworde.

Crom. Hould I charge you, as you loue me draw not a sworde,
Who dares accuse *Cromwell* of treason now.

Gar. This is no place to reckon vp your crime,
Your Doue-like lookes were viewed with serpents eyes,

Crom. With serpents eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But *Gardiner* do thy woorst, I feare thee not,
My fayth compared with thine as much shall passe,
As doth the Diamond excell the glasse:
Attached of treason, no accusers by,
Indeede what tongue dares speake so foule a lie.

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well knowne,
And it is time the king had note thereof.

Crom. The king, let me goe to him face to face,
No better triall I desire then that,

Let

Let him but say that *Cromwels* fayth was fayned,
Then let my honour, and my name be ſtayned:
If euer my hart againſt my king was ſet,
O let my ſoule in iudgement aunſwere it,
Then if my faythes confirmed with his reaſon,
Gaynſt whom hath *Cromwell* then committed treaſon,
Suf. My Lord your matter ſhall be tried,
Meane time, with patience content your ſelfe.
Cro. Perforce I muſt with patience be content,
O deare friend *Bedford* doeſt thou ſtand ſo neare,
Cromwell reioyceth one friend ſheds a teare,
And whether iſt, which way muſt *Cromwell* now?
Gar. My Lord you muſt vnto the tower,
Lieutenant take him to your charge.
Cro. Well where you pleaſe, yet before I part,
Let me conferre a little, with my men.
Gar. As you goe by water ſo you ſhall.
Cro. I haue ſome buſineſſe preſent to impart.
Nor. You may not ſtay Lieutenant take your charge.
Cro. Well, well my Lord, you ſecond *Gardiners* text,
Norfolke farewell, thy turne wilbe the next.
Exit Cromwell *and the Lieutenant.*
Gar. His guiltie conſcience makes him raue my Lord,
Nor. I let him talke his time is ſhort enough.
Gar. My Lord of *Bedford*, come you weepe for him,
That would not ſhed halfe a teare for you.
Bed. It grieues me for to ſee his ſudden fall.
Gar. Such ſucceſſe wiſh I to traitours ſtill. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Citizens.

1. Why? can this newes be true iſt poſſible,
The great Lord *Cromwell* arreaſted vpon treaſon,
I hardly will beleeue it can be ſo,
2. It is too true ſir, would it were otherwiſe,
Condition I ſpent halfe the wealth I had,

I was at *Lambeth*, ſaw him there arreſted,
And afterward committed to the Tower.
1. What waſt for treaſon that he was committed?
2. Kinde noble Gentleman, I may rue the time,
All that I haue, I did inioy by him,
And if he die, then all my ſtate is gone.
1. It may be doubted that he ſhall not die,
Becauſe the King did fauour him ſo much.
2. O ſir, you are deceiued in thinking ſo,
The grace and fauour he had with the king,
Hath cauſde him haue ſo manie enemies:
He that in court ſecure will keepe himſelfe,
Muſt not be great, for then he is enuied at.
The Shrub is ſafe, when as the Cedar ſhakes,
For where the King doth loue aboue compare,
Of others they as much more enuied are.
1. Tis pittie that this noble man ſhould fall,
He did ſo many charitable deeds.
2. Tis true, and yet you ſee in each eſtate,
Theres none ſo good, but ſome one doth him hate.
And they before would ſmile him in the face,
Will be the formoſt to do him diſgrace:
What will you go along vnto the Court?
1. I care not if I do, and here the newes,
How men will iudge what ſhall become of him.
2. Some will ſpeake hardly, ſome will ſpeake in pitie,
Go you to the Court, Ile vnto the Citie,
There I am ſure to here more newes then you.
1. Why then ſoone will we meet againe. *Exit.*

Enter Cromwell *in the Tower.*

Crom. Now *Cromwell*, haſt thou time to meditate,
And thinke vpon thy ſtate, and of the time,
Thy honours came vnſought, I and vnlooked for,
Thy fall as ſudden, and vnlooked for to,

What glorie was in England that I had not,
Who in this land commanded more then *Cromwell*,
Except the King who greater then my ſelfe,
But now I ſee, what after ages ſhall,
The greater man, more ſudden is their fall.
And now I do remember the Earle of *Bedford*
Was very deſirous for to ſpeake to me,
And afterward ſent to me a letter,
The which I thinke I haue ſtill in my pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now haue leaſure,
And this I take it is. *He readeſ the Letter.*

My Lord come not this night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your ſtate is ouerthrowne.
And much I doubt your life, and if you come:
Then if you loue your ſelfe, ſtay where you are.

O God had I but read this letter,
Then had I beene free from the Lions paw,
Deferring this, to read vntill to morrow,
I ſpurnd at ioy, and did imbrace my ſorrow.

Enter the Leiutenant of the Tower and officers.

Now maiſter *Lieutenant*, when's this day of death.
Lieu. Alas my Lord would I might neuer ſee it,
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolke* and of *Norffolke*,
Wincheſter, *Bedford*, and ſir *Richard Ratcliffe*,
With others, but why they come I know not.
Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepard,
For *Gardiner* has my ſtate and life inſnard,
Bid them come in, or you ſhall do them wrong,
For here ſtands he, whom ſome thinkes liues too long,
Learning killes learning, and inſteed of Inck
To dip his Pen, *Cromwels* heart blood doth drinke.

Enter all the Nobles.

Norf. Good morrow *Cromwell*, what alone so sad.
Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad,
For my part, it best fits me be alone,
Sadnesse with me, not I with any one.
What is the king acquainted with my cause?
Norf. We haue, and he hath answered vs my Lord.
Cro. How, shall I come to speake with him my selfe?
Gard. The King is so aduertised of your guilt,
He will by no meanes admit you to his presence.
Cro. No way admit me, am I so soone forgot,
Did he but yesterday imbrace my neck,
And said that *Cromwell* was euen halfe himselfe,
And is his Princely eares so much bewitched
With scandolous ignomie, and slanderous speeches,
That now he dooth denie to looke on me,
Well my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubt but you,
Are much in fauour with his Maiestie,
Will you beare a letter from me to his grace?
Gard. Pardon me, ile beare no traitors letters.
Crom. Ha, will you do this kindnesse then?
Tell him by word of mouth, what I shall say to you.
Gard. That will I.
Crom. But on your honour will you?
Gard. I on my honor.
Crom. Beare witnesse Lords,
Tell him when he hath knowne you,
And tried your faith but halfe so much as mine,
Heele finde you to be the falsest harted man
In England: Pray tell him this.
Bed. Be patient good my Lord in these extreames.
Crom. My kinde and honorable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your honor alwaies loued me well,
But pardon me, this still shall be my theame,

Gardiner

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